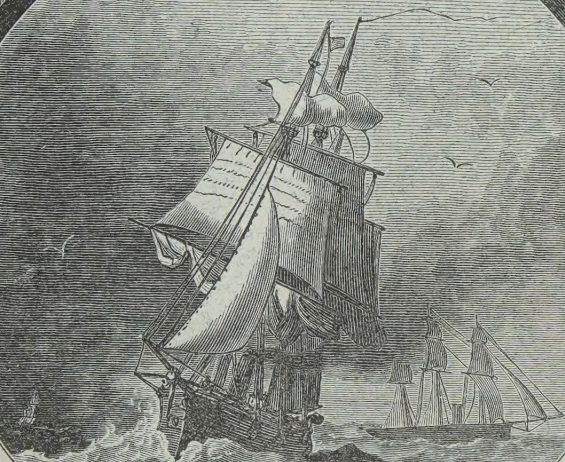


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The

Sailors' Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

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THE SOCIETY'S PERIODICALS.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly publication of thirty-two pages, contains the proceedings of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies in behalf of seamen, its aim being to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, and commend it to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of the community.

THE MAGAZINE is sent to single subscribers for ONE DOLLAR a year, invariably in advance.

Persons ordering a change in the direction of the MAGAZINE should always give both the old and new address, in full.

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND is issued as a four page tract adapted to Seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished to Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT, a four page sheet, (eight pages, four times *per annum*.) published monthly, will contain brief tales, anecdotes, incidents, &c., and facts, mainly relating to the work of the LOAN LIBRARIES issued by the Society.—Any Sabbath-School contributing to the Society \$20, for a LOAN LIBRARY, may receive fifty copies, gratis, for one year, with postage prepaid.

LOAN LIBRARIES for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall Street, New York, and at the Congregational House, Boston, Mass., at the shortest notice.—Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible-Society, Room No. 66, Bible House, Astor Place, New York City.

Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-School, will send a Library to sea, in the name of the donor, who is also entitled, by such donation, to one copy of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, for one year, upon request therefor.

All Remittances for the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in payment of subscriptions to the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, or for other purposes, should be sent, for security, by check, draft on New York, or P. O. Money Order,—payable to the order of WILLIAM C. STURGES, Treasurer, 80 Wall St., New York, N. Y. Acknowledgment of their receipt will be forwarded to the sender by return mail, and if not duly received, the Treasurer should at once be notified. If impracticable to procure checks, etc., the money may be forwarded, but always in a registered letter. All Postmasters are now obliged to register letters when asked to do so, at a fee of ten cents each.



Vol. 57,

DECEMBER, 1885.

No. 12.

GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF THE CONGREGATIONAL
CHURCHES OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
AND THE SEAMEN'S CAUSE.

To the Editor of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE:—

At the recent meeting of the Congregational Association of New York, held at Pulaski, Oswego Co., the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, that this Association, as heretofore, commends the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY to the prayers, the patronage and charitable contributions of our churches as filling a department of Christian work essential to Christian progress, and to the conversion of the world.

I had prepared a brief appeal to enforce these duties on the attention and consciences of my brethren of the Association, but a hearing was precluded by the lateness of the overture, and the fact that last year business committees were restricted, by resolution, to one

hour during the sittings of the Association, for the hearing of appeals from bodies not strictly affiliated with Congregationalism. But though the views intended to be presented may embrace nothing new, their presentation in these columns may awaken a new zeal in old duties, and I therefore submit the appeal, (herewith printed,—ED.) for your use.

JOHN M. STEARNS.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov., 1885.

—
“I have been requested to recall the attention of this Association to that old and well organized religious charity, the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. I do this with less reserve and a deeper sense of duty when I learn

that this coördinate branch of the living charities of the age has not come up for the special consideration of this body since the year 1873. Citing the kindly resolutions from your minute-book then passed, I bring them back to you, as your children come again to your hearthstones to crave your sympathies, your prayers and your kindly acts.

"We have come back to the simplicity of Apostolic days in preaching the Gospel to every creature,—the faith that had its earliest teaching in the borrowed synagogues of the Jews,—and in court-yards and vestibules of heathen temples, and along the shores of the sea, and lakes and rivers. This Gospel is still an effective power, for its Divine King walks above the dignity and claims of human authority, and speaks to the cottager in his home with all the sweetness of a loving father. The one sheep lost in the wilderness is the burden of our lamentations and our prayers. We talk of the 'Reformation,' but the reformation is itself reformed. A new school of thought has left behind speculative opinions in religion, and gives place to the practical duties of a religious life. Inspired by the revived spirit of Apostolic days, salvation through a crucified Savior is preached by the foreign missionary in the dark places of the earth. The domestic missionary, the tract distributor, and the promoters of Sunday Schools seek to build up the waste places of our land in the faith of Jesus, and to reach every lonely sojourner on our borders and among our snow-clad mountains.

"But shall the benevolence of this age, with such thorough purposes, skip over the sea and leave the sailor to perish in the deep,

while a lower deep waits for his lost soul? The AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY says 'No' to this inquiry, and craves your coöperation in making this Christian work as thorough on the sea as you would make it on the land.

"This may be difficult, but faith will remove its difficulties and the work will be accomplished. And for this end this Society follows the sailor in all his voyages. In its addresses to him, it revives, in precious memory, the thought of home and kindred. The mother's prayers, the father's counsels, the old kirk on the hill whose bell with solemn tones waked up the Sabbath morning,—the old parson leaning on his staff, all come back in vision,—the last with his kindly smile, and talks of life, its lights, its sorrows and its joys, while he yet seems speaking from the old pulpit, of life, death and eternity with a strange earnestness that seemed inspired from the very shadows of the grave. This old parson may be dead and have found his grave hard by the old church door. But the Gospel which he preached, and its power, comes down through the ages, and to that there is no death!

"In this connection I may state that as a means of keeping alive in the sailor's heart the better traditions of his early days, the system of providing libraries of wholesome religious and secular literature, and loaning such a library to every ship leaving port, for the use of the sailors, has been matured, and is to-day one of the most effective agencies in the great work of this Society.

"The comparatively limited number of men employed on the sea, stated at three millions in your resolution of 1873,—may, in given cases, belittle this work in

the estimation of the Christian public. But the sea is the highway of nations, and commerce commands the issues of war and peace. The seamen of our day, and of all times, are really the custodians of the entrance gates of all lands. And is there nothing to us in the character of the men who are to guard the citadels of our safety?

"Our sailors were once boys by the old hearthstones of our rural towns. And of the boys of to-day how many may become rovers on the ocean, exposed not only to the perils of the deep, but to the vices and degradation that have for ages past embittered the sailor's life on shore? The emergencies of the sailor's life may indeed command our interest, as if he were our relation by blood.

"With all his frailties, the sailor, in his calling, is self-reliant and brave. What passenger at sea has

not felt himself a coward in the storm, while the sailor aloft in the rigging of the rolling ship puts her in order to weather the fiercest blasts! The sailor is generally patient in his duties, and obedient to discipline and law, and generally reliable in his responsibilities. He may sing, for instance, that

'The rare old whale 'mid storm and gale
In his ocean home will be
A giant in might where might is right,
And king of the boundless sea,'—

and still we find some of them pursuing with relentless purpose this king of the fishes from the Arctic to the Antarctic Zone, and they are never more happy than when in conflict with these monsters of the deep. And these may stand as the type of all their class."

[Statistics concerning the operations of the Society in its fifty-seventh year of work are omitted here, as being already familiar to the readers of the MAGAZINE.]

From the Christian Mirror, Portland, Me., Nov. 7th, 1885.

A FEW WORDS IN BEHALF OF SEAMEN.

We wish to call attention of all interested in gospel service to the claims of seamen. "Out of sight out of mind," is an old proverb of real meaning as respects the men of the sea. Their brief and periled lives are spent away from churches and from Christian society.

Their Influence

should awaken a deeper interest in their behalf. Going everywhere on the errands of commercial enterprise, they have vast power for good or evil upon the benighted our missionary zeal would bring to Christ. Well did the evangelical Isaiah speak of the "conversion of the abundance of the sea," as the earliest triumph of the gos-

pel. "The ships of Tarshish first." This has not been yet. Let not the missionary spirit forget so important an element of success.

Our Lord's First Preaching

was, as we all know, by the sea. His earliest disciples were chosen from those who sail thereon. He has called early attention to this class of men, in these days of his wonderful presence, girded for his wonderful triumph in the conversion of the world. There is nothing more characteristic of the age than this awakened interest in seamen.

Portland, Me., Seamen's Bethel
is under the care of the Portland

Seamen's Friend Society. There was once a Maine S. F. S.; but as the only Bethel in the State was at this port, it was merged in this Society, which cares not for Portland seamen, but for all that frequent this port from every part of our long-extended sea-board, and from foreign lands. (Seamen and their families resident here choose their religious home.) The Bethel is chiefly for transient visitors, ten thousand of whom annually go and come. Numerous and interesting among these are the fishermen of our own State. The aim is to meet these men with the warm right hand of Christian welcome, to offer them social and religious privileges, and throw around them the safeguards of virtue. A pastor is employed for this widely-extended parish, with work enough on his hands. A little band of faithful co-workers are gathered here, who visit the vessels and boarding-houses, and sustain all methods of gospel-work. The meetings are peculiar for social freedom and practical directness,—we realize so often that we shall never meet these precious souls again, on earth.

Literature.

Tracts, papers, magazines, carefully selected and assorted, are provided in suitable packages to put in the hands of outward-bound seamen,—some 1,500 packages annually. This reading supplies a very important place on ship-board. It is much sought for and thankfully received. It nurtures a taste for purer literature.

Sixteen years ago we commenced putting up libraries,—small cases containing some 25 choice books each; 394 of these libraries have been put up. These are loaned free, chiefly aboard our

fishermen and coasters, though not a few have gone on foreign voyages. Many have been read and returned over and over; others have done service as circulating libraries, ashore, in destitute neighborhoods. Some dissolve beside the bones of those who received them, in the still sea. The reports from these libraries are often very encouraging. Many a change of life has come from an acquaintance with them. Were there room, cases of exceeding interest could be related. All that can be hoped from a first-class circulating library ashore, will be more than realized by those on shipboard. The cost of a library is not a large sum, nearly \$3,000 in the aggregate of this department.

The Power of this Work

cannot be accurately registered. The stay of these men with us is too transient. They are not quick to commit themselves to a chance impression. They take their thoughts with them. And yet great numbers have given evidence of heartfelt acceptance of the gospel invitation. A peculiar feature of our meetings is the remembrance of "those who have gone forth upon the sea requesting us to remember them in prayer."

A seaman from the eastward evidently a Christian man of close observation, remarked in our social meeting on the work the Lord has been doing along the coast and on the islands that gem our shore. He told of the many places where a few years ago there were no religious services, he now finds prayer meetings and Sabbath schools. Slowly but surely the work of Christ is going forward—"not with observation." More praying men are found aboard our vessels. These praying seamen

are laying hold of others. The sea is tributary to the land. This Bethel, for the past generation, has had no slight part in this work. These religious services, prayers, invitations, papers, books, tracts, libraries, are not thrown away.

The Annual Expense of the Bethel Work

is not far from \$1,400; divided between pastor's salary, libraries, reading-room, warming and lighting, repairs, incidentals of tracts, &c. But for unusual and uncertain aid the past few years, our work must have been curtailed, or debts contracted.

It is difficult to see how the Bethel is to be sustained without help from outside this city. It belongs to the friends of seamen in the State of Maine; the instrument of the churches and the Christian public. We earnestly solicit aid from the churches, and from individuals. We beg our brethren in the ministry to speak a word for this cause, and open the way for contributions on the part of those whose sympathies are with the sailor.

Fraternally,

F. SOUTHWORTH,
Pastor.

EXIT FLOOD ROCK.

A broad expanse of water, dimpled by a gentle breeze, sparkling under the brilliant October sunlight, and swirling angrily here and there, where the strong flood-tide sweeps against outlying ledges of rock, or breaks over reefs which mark the boundaries of the channel. Away down to the southward stretches a wide strait, divided in mid-stream by an island with massive stone buildings in long perspective. To the left rises a delicate framework of slender iron rods, lifting a cluster of electric lights high above the boiling currents and intricate channels below. To the right again are the roofs and spires and chimneys of the great city, the open spaces and many of the buildings black with spectators. Such is the aspect of Hell Gate at ten o'clock on the morning of October 10th, 1885.

It is one of the busiest highways of commerce on the face of the globe, this estuary upon which I am looking. Through it every year there pass several thousands of vessels of all classes, from the

little fishing smack to the great ocean steamer, representing property and merchandise that aggregates in value some four millions of dollars every day in the year.

But ever since Admiral Van Kortland navigated his Dutch galliots through its tortuous channels, Hell Gate has sternly exacted tribute from the mariners who braved its passage. Since authentic records have been kept, an average of one vessel each week has come to grief on the ragged rocks that are now showing their teeth,—some of them for the last time,—through the mellow October haze. To dwellers at a distance, or in the interior, these general facts may perhaps convey an idea of the magnitude of the interests involved, and may serve to justify to incredulous minds the years of labor and the millions of money that have been expended in clearing away the obstructions in this natural highway.

But now there is a pause in the endless procession of tugs and coasting craft. The Government

has, arbitrarily, and in time of profound peace, proclaimed martial law, and closed for half an hour this artery of commerce. A rocky mound in mid-channel, nine acres in extent, is to be blown to fragments, and the public is warned to keep out of the way. There are no less than four ship channels through which vessels may at any time pass this point in either direction, but across each there now flit back and forth little steam launches, each with a red danger-signal flying at the fore, and each with its complement of sunburned blue-jackets on board. Here come three heavily-laden schooners pulled by a panting tug that laboriously makes headway against the last of the flood, in the hope of catching the ebb down the East River. A saucy little launch steams across their bows, and a handsome young officer in a gold-laced cap waves them back. The panting tug ceases its efforts, the schooners swing round across the stream, and drift hopelessly back toward the Long Island Sound. Down the Harlem come huge barges laden with freight-cars. Up the two channels of the East River drift schooners and sloops in endless variety, but none of them pass beyond the apparently insignificant cordon of little patrol-boats; and it is, perhaps, characteristic of human nature that the skippers of these craft, being detained for half an hour wholly for their own good, should anathematize, in very audible tones, the United States Navy as represented by these efficient young officers.

However, they all obey, discreetly, and some of them let go their anchors, for one and all know that underneath that low-lying rock in mid-channel is sleeping a genie strong enough, if set free, to level

every building and shatter every timber within a radius of five miles. They obey, and the four rivers of commerce are dammed by authority of law. Save for the official craft, Hell Gate and its vicinity are, for the first time since 1876, absolutely deserted. At that time, under like conditions, Hallet's Reef was successfully blown to fragments, and now the experiment is to be repeated on a far larger scale. Then little Mary Newton, daughter of the engineer in charge, was a baby two years old, and when she pressed the electric button with her finger, Hallet's Reef went to pieces. Now she is a girl of eleven, and probably remembers nothing of the event, but she is once more to touch a magic key that shall shatter a million tons of rock, and save, it may be, millions' worth of property in the years to come. She stands ready with her parents and a company of official guests, in a little house near the Astoria ferry.

It is 10:30 a. m., standard time. That low-lying reef is Flood Rock. On either side of it nature has formed channels deep enough to float the *Great Eastern*, but the rock lies just where the estuary bends nearly at right angles, and renders the passage extremely hazardous for vessels of all classes. Observant passengers on the Sound steamers must have noticed that as the great floating palaces near this passage an officer, with three or four deck hands, stands by one or other of the huge white-painted anchors at the bow. The lashings are quite cleared away, and a man stands with a capstan bar, ready at a moment's notice to drop overboard the tons of iron which may prove the only salvation for the costly vessel and the

thousand human beings whom she carries. This is no vain precaution, and has been observed by all prudent shipmasters since Hell Gate was discovered.

But the minute hand moves slowly on toward eleven o'clock, the hour named for the explosion. A tug makes fast to the floating derrick that has for years been the faithful companion of the doomed rock, and it is towed away to a place of safety. The rock is now deserted by river craft, but the stars and stripes still float from the flagstaff, and with a field-glass one may count a dozen men moving about the shed that has been left standing at the mouth of the mine. At 10:55 the flag is hauled down. The engineer in charge has receipted for that flag, and must account for it in his quarterly returns.

Eleven o'clock! Evidently there is some hitch. The watching thousands begin to be a trifle nervous. The amateur photographers stand by their respective cameras and try to keep cool. The thousand lunatics and convicts on Blackwell's and Ward's Islands have been marched out-of-doors, and stand or sit in forlorn or sullen ranks, heavily guarded, in the warm sunshine. Sweeping the long rows of buildings with my field-glass, I can see that the windows are all wide open. General Newton has warned all the city that this is a desirable precaution, and his warning has been universally heeded. At the open window of a tenement house I can just make out the regular, vigorous, up-and-down movement of a pair of stout, bare feminine arms. Evidently Mrs. Maloney is resolved to have her week's wash finished though the heavens fall. Along the wharves the frequent fisher-

man fingers his line, but he has a scoop-net handy, for he anticipates a rich harvest of stunned frost-fish and bass as the first-fruits for him of the coming shock.

Five minutes after eleven, and still the Government tug remains at the Flood Rock wharf, but a signal has evidently been given. It takes but a moment for the dozen workmen who, under Lieutenant Derby, have given the last touches, to scramble aboard. Now she's off! No, a last man runs swiftly from the shed and jumps aboard. What if the tug should have gone aground, or should blow out her cylinder-head! There is an automatic apparatus which will do its duty should the shore battery miss fire. No, it is all right; the screw revolves, and with a parting salute the tug steams rapidly away. With an uneasy curiosity I scan the deserted rock closely with my glass, if perchance there be a living thing left there.

Five minutes will be enough for the swift steamer to be beyond the danger line,—and then? Well, we all know that 280,000 pounds of the most powerful explosives known to modern science will be liberated. They will expand with an estimated force equivalent to an actual lifting power of more than two and a quarter trillion pounds. What the result ought to be the engineers have carefully computed. What it will be no mortal knows, but probably almost every spectator is conscious of a somewhat accentuated type of anticipation.

For myself I do not take my eyes from the rock, but I hear some one near me say, "Eleven fifteen," and with that the rocky promontory of Ward's Island on which I stand trembles, heaves,

and a heavy, sullen, muffled report smites the ear.

Little Mary Newton has touched the key and fired the mine! And then there lifts slowly before my eyes a mighty mound of water. It bursts, still with dignified leisure, into a snowy veil which rises, rises, rises, shuts off the peopled heights of Harlem, feathers into a dozen pinnacles of spray, hangs suspended for an instant against the blue autumnal sky, and then sinks, with a roar as of ocean surf, back to the level from which it rose. An irrepressible shout of admiration floats across the waters through the still air, and a hundred whistles from sea and shore prolong the triumphant sound.

But there are still explosive forces at work at the extremity of the reef, and the water boils in angry surges as the lower galleries go to pieces.

And now over the blue sea there spreads a dense lurid stratum of greenish gas; apparently the water itself is discolored. That the gas is deadly the public has been warned, but into it from all sides plunge hundreds of small boats from every quarter, and the Government launches push cautiously forward to take preliminary soundings. The queer cloud floats down the wind, and gradually dissipates, the adventurous boatmen land and scramble over the wrecked timber-work and shattered rocks that still remain above water where Flood Rock was. Relic hunters ply their knives and fingers, the little imperious patrol boats scurry out of the way, and the four pent-up streams of traffic rush onward through their wonted courses.

The mightiest artificial explosion that has ever taken place on

earth is over. Not a mishap worth mentioning has occurred, not a flying fragment of rock or timber has reached the danger line marked by the engineers, and the most lawless forces known to modern science have been employed with entire success in the interest of human progress.

General Newton, of the United States engineers, and his assistants, especially Lieut. Derby, of the same corps, may well be proud of their achievement. To handle such an enormous quantity of sensitively dangerous material, and adjust such a complicated system of wires as was necessary, without a single premature explosion, speaks well for the directing brain and for the skilled caution which must have ruled among the subordinate workmen. Preliminary soundings show that the expected results have been attained, and it now remains to clear away the *débris* and leave a magnificent ship channel open to the commerce of the world.—*Charles Ledyard Norton in Christian Union, October 15th.*

U. S. Inland Shipping.

“There are no waters of equal extent in the world, save, perhaps, the British seas, so much traversed by shipping as are the great lakes.” We sat in the office of a great warehouse in one of the larger lake ports, and the speaker, who had been successively shipmaster, underwriter, and shipping merchant, was, perhaps, as well qualified as one could be to speak on the subject on which he had been approached. “Eastern merchants and ship-owners,” he continued, “have little idea of the extent and character of our shipping, the dangers to which it is exposed, or

the methods of lake underwriters. Our 'Inland Lloyds Register' for the present year contains the names of 1,976 vessels of all kinds actively employed in the commerce of the lakes. These are American vessels only. A good authority puts the number of Canadian craft other than St. Lawrence River barges at 318 sailing and 382 steam, so that the total lake fleet amounts to 2,676 hulls. The American contingent is divided among the various classes as follows:—Wooden vessels, side-wheel steamers, mainly passenger, 32; side-wheel tugs, 2; propellers, mainly freighting, 384; propeller tugs, harbor and river towing, 410; fishing, 33; yachts, 31; ferries, 13; the number of schooners from two to five-masted is 640; of barges with moderate spread of sail, 312; of scows with full sail, 78; sailing yachts, 4; of iron and steel vessels there are side-wheel passenger steamers, 5; propellers, freighting, 19; tugs, harbor and river towing, 10; yachts, 2; as regards tonnage there were of propellers over 400 tons burden, 203, with an aggregate tonnage of 210,281; propellers from 150 to 400 tons, 128, aggregating 33,823 tons; barges, 150 tons and over, 301, aggregating 119,490 tons; schooners, over 400 tons, 123; with an aggregate of 79,804 tons; and of schooners from 150 to 400 tons, 395, with an aggregate of 99,507 tons.

"Cleveland, O., has thirteen regular lines of steamers, either sailing out of or touching at the port, some of them with ten and twelve vessels each, and Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee and Chicago have fully as many. They go everywhere,—to Duluth, their ultima Thule,—for grain, flour, and timber; to Houghton, Ontonagon, and Eagle Harbor for copper; to

Marquette for iron; to Saginaw for salt; to Milwaukee and Chicago for beer, lead, and the teeming products of prairie and forest, and they carry thither in exchange the varied manufactures and imports of the East."—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

Missions in the South Seas.

"Some time after the introduction of Christianity into Rurutu, one of the South Sea Islands, a circumstance occurred which afforded indubitable proof of its beneficial effects upon the minds of the inhabitants, and displayed at the same time the great advantages which accrue from missionary labors, to our own and other maritime countries. Capt. Chase, who commanded an American whaler, was in the habit of touching at Raiatea, for refreshment. He determined, on his last visit to us, to call at Rurutu, on his way to America, in order to procure a supply of yams, which are both fine and abundant at that island, when, unfortunately, his vessel was wrecked upon the rocks.

"The natives, who once would have stolen everything they could lay hands on, and have perhaps murdered and eaten the crew, afforded him very efficient aid; in acknowledgment of which, the captain, on his departure left the following document:—

"The natives gave us all the assistance in their power, from the time the ship struck to the present moment. The first day, while landing the things from the ship, they were put into the hands of the natives, and carried up to the native mission-house, a distance of half a mile; and not a single article of clothing was taken from any man belonging to the ship,

though they had it in their power to have plundered us of everything that was landed; which fully proves the honesty of the natives of this island. Since I have lived on shore, myself, officers and people have received the kindest treatment from natives that can be imagined, for which I shall ever be thankful. Myself and officers have lived in the house with Puna, who, together with his wife, have paid every attention to make us comfortable; for which I returned my unfeigned thanks,—being the only compensation I can make them at present. B. CHASE.

“A short time after this, I received a letter from Capt. Chase, speaking in the strongest terms of the kindness he had experienced, and informing me that he had committed the cargo and the stores of the vessel to the native teachers: but as they were not acquainted with the relative value of money, he requested me to take the first opportunity of selling the property and transmitting the proceeds to the President of the Marine Insurance Company of America. Some two or three months subsequent to this unfortunate occurrence, a trading vessel arrived at Tahiti. The captain hearing of the wreck of the *Falcon* at Rurutu, and that there were only native missionaries at the island, it immediately occurred to him that he could easily deceive them and obtain the property; and instead of coming to Raiatea and making a fair purchase of me, he raised his anchor and steered a direct course for Rurutu. On landing he was welcomed by the native missionary, to whom he stated that he had come for the oil belonging to the late *Falcon*. He asked him if he had a letter from Beni. ‘Certainly,’ replied the cap-

tain, ‘but I have come from my ship without it; I will return for it immediately.’ He went off to the vessel and wrote an order, with which he returned to the shore; affirming it to be from Capt. Chase, he put it into the hands of the missionary. The natives are very unsophisticated at times in the expression of their sentiments; and looking the captain significantly in the face, the teacher in his broken English said, ‘You a liar, you a thief, you want to steal this property,—you no have it.’ The captain, being much enraged at this salutation, or more probably at being disappointed of his expected booty, began to bluster and storm. The teacher, however, took the captain by the hand, led him into his house, and opened his native journal, in which he had taken the precaution to get Capt. Chase to write; placing the forged paper by the side of the writing in his journal, he repeated his charge, ‘You a liar, you a thief, you shall not have this property.’ The captain threatened to go on board, load his cannon, and take it by force. He left the shore in anger, to carry his threat into execution; he, however, hoisted his sails and took his departure. We know not from whence he came, nor whither he went. This circumstance shows that the conduct of civilized visitors is not, at all times, calculated to raise the European character in the estimation of the natives. It shows, also, that the natives are not destitute of good, sound common sense: while at the same it exhibits, in a striking light, the advantages the people have derived from education.

“Capt. Chase rewarded the natives for the assistance they rendered in saving the cargo and

stores of the vessel by giving them a portion of the oil. They immediately formed a Native Missionary Society; and contributed a considerable part of what they had thus obtained in aid of the funds of the institution from whose operations they had derived so much advantage; and in a visit I paid them some time after, they presented me with a set of bills for £66, which they received from the captain to whom they had sold their contributions. It was with much pleasure that I transmitted the expression of their gratitude to the Treasurer of the Society."

—*Rev. John Williams.*

"Blessed."

A mother was busy with her morning duties when a little child came running towards her with a toy. Tripping along, with a merry smile on her dimpled face, she was the very picture of grace and sweetness that would have won any heart. The mother's soul was transported with delight. Who has been a mother and has not known such ecstatic moments? She opened her arms, she caught the little prattler to her bosom, lavishing upon it caresses and endearing epithets.

"You little darling! Mamma's blessed one," she rapturously exclaimed.

"Blessed, — what is blessed, mamma? What do you mean by that?" artlessly queried the little one.

"You are mamma's dearest treasure, the delight of her eyes and her heart," responded the fond mother, as again and again she kissed the upturned face.

The child slid happy from the embrace of love, and the mother proceeded with her duties. These

led her to her bedroom, where she paused for a moment to take up her Daily Food.

"I'll stop to read the verse for the day," she said to herself. "I shall have something to think about as I clear up my room." The verse read, "Come, ye blessed of my Father." The mother's heart fairly stood still. Her own words to her baby, baby's question, and her reply, flashed through her mind; and following in quick succession, brought to her remembrance, no doubt, by the Holy Spirit, came the many sweet words of Scripture,—"A peculiar treasure unto me;" "The Lord delighteth in thee;" "My love, my fair one;" "My jewels."

She was well taught in Bible phraseology, but the inner meaning of such words had never come to her before. "Am I my Father's 'blessed?'" she said; "His 'delight,' His 'treasure,' 'the apple of His eye,' just what my precious baby is to me? O, I never have thought of it; it seems as if I could not believe it." The broom and duster dropped from her hands, and she dropped on her knees, and all she could do was to weep tears of penitence and gratitude before the Father whose words of endearment had never come to her until that moment, but which she now ventured to accept; yea, how could she venture to do otherwise? It was not her own worthiness or loveliness, she well knew, that made her so dear to the Father's heart, but she was "in Christ," "accepted in the Beloved." She seemed to hear her Savior saying, "He that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father;" "I say not unto you that I will pray the Father for you, for the Father Himself loveth you because ye have loved Me."

From that hour there was a new meaning in life, a new motive for work, a new propelling power in the soul of this Christian woman. Her tender affection for her little one, the darling of her heart, had interpreted to her, though it was but a faint representation of, the love that encircled her, so pure, so true, so deep, so high. She understood now what the apostle meant when he prayed that his disciples might "comprehend" the love "which passeth knowledge." Henceforward she walked in the love of God, and it was like a light all about her,—above, below, around, within. She walked "in the light" and had perpetual "fellowship" with the Unseen.

Is this a fabulous experience,—an exceptional one? Dear reader, it is one you may have if you will "only believe."—*Congregationalist*.

The Lost Sheep.

The shepherd, on looking over his little flock of one hundred, can only count ninety-nine. He counts them again, and he notices that a certain one has gone; it may be a white-faced sheep with a black mark on its foot; he knows all about it, for "the Lord knoweth them that are His." The shepherd has a photograph of the wanderer in his mind's eye, and now he thinks but little of the ninety-and-nine who are feeding in the pastures of the wilderness, but his mind is in a ferment about the one lost sheep. This one idea possesses him,—*"a sheep is lost."* It masters his every faculty. He cannot eat bread, he cannot return to his home, he cannot rest, while one ship is lost.

If anybody had stepped up to the shepherd just then, and said,

"Good sir, what aileth you? you seem in great concern," he would have replied, "And well I may be, for a sheep is lost." "It is only one, sir; and I see you have ninety-nine left." "Do you call it nothing to lose one? You are no shepherd yourself, or you would not trifle so. Why, I seem to forget these ninety-nine that are safe, and my mind only remembers that one which is lost."

What is it which makes the Great Shepherd lay so much to his heart the loss of one of his flock? What is it that makes him agitated as he reflects upon that supposition:—"if he lose one of them?" I think it is, first, because of his property in it. The parable does not so much speak of a hired shepherd, but of a shepherd-proprietor. "What man of you having an hundred sheep, if he loses one of them." Jesus in another place speaks of the hireling, whose own the sheep are not, and therefore he flees when the wolf comes. It is the shepherd-proprietor who lays down his life for the sheep. It is not a sheep alone, and a lost sheep, but it is one of his own lost sheep, that this man cares for. This parable is not written about lost humanity in the bulk,—it may be so used if you please,—but in its first sense it is written about Christ's own sheep; as also is the second parable concerning the woman's own money; and the third, not concerning any prodigal youth, but the father's own son. Jesus has his own sheep, and some of them are lost; yea, they were all once in the same condition; for "all we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way." The parable refers to the unconverted, whom Jesus has redeemed with his most precious blood, and

whom he has undertaken to seek and to save; these are those other sheep whom also he must bring in. "For thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out. As a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered, so will I seek out my sheep, and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day." The sheep of Christ are his long before they know it,—his even when they wander; and when they are brought into the fold by the effectual working of his grace they become manifestly what they were in covenant from of old.—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

He Drank His Wife's Tears.

Of all the stories that are ever told by teetotalers the following is perhaps the most touching.

"Boys, I won't drink lessen you take what I do," said old Josh Spilit in reply to an invitation. He was a toper of long standing and abundant capacity, and the boys looked at him in astonishment.

"The idea," one of them replied, "that you should prescribe conditions is laughable. Perhaps you want to force one of your abominable mixtures on us? You are chief of the mixed drinkers, and I will not agree to your conditions."

"He wants to run us in on castor oil and brandy," said the Judge, who would willingly have taken the oil to get the brandy.

"No, I'm square," replied Spilit. "Take my drink, and I'm with you."

The boys agreed and stood along the bar.

Everyone turned to Spilit and regarded him with interest.

"Mr. Bartender," said Spilit, "give me a glass of water!"

"Water! water!" the boys exclaimed.

"Yes, water. It's a new drink to me, I admit, and I expect it's a scarce article with all of you. Let me tell you how I came to take it. Several days ago a passel of us went fishing, and we took a fine chance of whiskey along, and had a heap of fun. 'Long towards evenin' I got powerful drunk an' crawled under a tree an' went to sleep. The boys drunk up all the whiskey and came back to town. They thought it a good joke 'cause they'd left me drunk, and told it around town with a mighty bluster. My son got hold of the report and told it at home. Well, I laid under that tree all night, an' when I woke in the mornin' thar sot my wife right thar by me. She didn't say a word when I woke up, but she sorter turned her head away. I got up an' looked at her. She still didn't say nothin', but I could see that she was chokin'.

"'I wish I had suthin' to drink,' s'I.

"Then she tuck a cup what she fotch with her, an' went down to whar a spring biled up an' dipped up a cupful an' fotch it to me. Just as she was handin' it to me she leaned over to hide her eyes, an' I seed a tear drap in the water. I tuck the cup an' drank the water an' the tear, an' raisin' my hands I vowed that I would never hereafter drink my wife's tears agin; that I had been drinkin' them for the last twenty years, an' that I was going to stop. You boys know who it was that left me drunk. You was all in the gang. Give me another glass of water, Mr. Bartender."

THE SHEPHERD'S APPEAL.

I.

Have ye seen my lamb that has gone astray
 Afar from the shepherd's fold,
 Away in the deserts, wild and bare,
 Or out on the mountain cold?
 Have ye ever sought to bring it back
 By a word, or a look, or a prayer?
 Or followed it on where it wandered alone,
 And tried to reclaim it there?

II.

Ye gather each week in the place of prayer,
 And ye speak of your love for me,
 And pray that your daily life may bear
 Some fruit that the world may see.
 Ye mean it well,—but when once away
 Do ye live that life of prayer?
 Is the soul of the lamb that's gone astray
 Your chief and greatest care?

III.

Ye speak of the good that ye mean to do
 Among your fellow men;
 Yet ye tarry full oft 'mid the joys of earth:
 They are watching your footsteps then:
 And while ye have stopped for pleasure or care,
 The lamb that has gone astray
 Has wandered the farther 'mid darkness and sin,
 Along the forbidden way.

IV.

Ye meet in your counting-house rooms for gain
 And count the cost of each day;
 Do ye ever count what the cost may be
 Of the lamb that has gone astray?
 The cost of that soul can far outweigh
 Your stocks and your piles of gold;
 Can ye leave your gains and your wealth awhile,
 To gather it in the fold?

V.

It is perishing now in the bleak and cold,
 While you might have saved its life;
 Are ye thinking too much of your ease and your gains
 To enter the Christian strife?
 When the reck'ning is called and the balance made,
 Will the wealth of a single day,
 Atone for the loss of the dying soul
 Of the lamb that has gone astray?

The Praying Light-Keeper.

We were fog-bound in Penobscot Bay, and made harbor at Eagle Island. Just as the sun was setting we went on shore, and, walking toward the light-house, were attracted by the voice of some one in prayer. It was an impressive scene. Before us stretched out the broad Atlantic; the gathering shades of evening deepened the solitude. In the light above us was the keeper, where he had just lighted his lamp. His face was turned toward the sea; his long hair and beard were whitened with the snows of many winters. His arms were outstretched and his voice alone broke the silence, as he besought the Almighty, in the hollow of whose hands the seas are held, to protect the sailor, and to forgive his sins.

"Them prayers will go higher than the light," said our skipper, and all of us felt that we had come into the near presence of God, on that lonely island far at sea.

Who can measure the divine Providence that shines out from the light-house on Eagle Island, because of that praying light-house keeper?—*Congregationalist*.

like giving him. In their good natured moments they are, usually, fond of a lad, especially if he is bright, smart and handy. This youngster had, doubtless, won the affection of second mate Jones, and he risked and lost his life to save that of his young shipmate.

FOR THE HOLINESS that fights against sin, battles with temptation, keeps unspotted from the world, and lays self on the altar, there is a crying need in our time. It is a sympathetic spirit going about doing good, yet it has no sympathy with evil customs and the fashions of the world. It strives to keep clean. Against the downward pull of the world it braces itself and says, "If others do this, yet will not I." It dares to be singular and unfashionable. It keeps out of places where it would be smirched, and finds such enjoyment in its prayer-service, its Bible study, its deeds of charity and in the innocent joys of life, that it does not hanker after the play-house and kindred sensualities. Walking in the Spirit it does not stoop to the lusts of the flesh.—*Rev. Dr. T. L. Cuyler*.

For the Mate of the Ben Nevis.

A monument should be erected to the memory of the second officer of the ship *Ben Nevis*, who recently jumped overboard to save the cabin boy, who had fallen overboard, and was himself drowned. Such a humane act, so seldom performed, should receive more than passing notice. In the absence of a dog the ship's boy usually receives all the kicks and cuffs that grouty sailors feel

TWO LABORERS were trying to place a stone in position on the foundation-wall of a new building. A crowd was standing around, looking on, and each one offering his criticism and counsel freely and loudly, but not one lifting so much as a finger to help. "That reminds me of church work," said a passer-by to another. "Why?" "Because," was the reply, "two men are doing the work, and twenty are doing the talking."—*Exchange*.

WORK AMONG SEAMEN

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Sweden.

HELSINGBORG.

In the quarter ending September 30th, Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT, chaplain, preaching four times each week, also called upon seamen on board vessels, and many of them received the word with thankfulness. Some of them were Christians who assisted him in his meetings. Many of them, however, still walk, he says, on "the broad way." On the 31st July he went to Landskröna, and thence to the island Hven, in Oresund, where a great number of sailors and fishermen are settled. They have built a "mission house" in the middle of the island, where they come together every Sabbath for prayers and for reading of the word of God. Here preaching services were held, participated in by Rev. Mr. W. and others. During the past few years several sailors and fishermen have here been brought to Christ, "and are now happy children of God." At Wisby, two Swedish miles south of Helsingborg, later in the quarter, many seamen signed the temperance pledge. Forty-five sermons were delivered in the three months, religious visits made on 103 vessels and 2000 pages of tracts were distributed.

GEFLE.

In July, August and September, Mr. E. ERIKSSON, missionary, wrought at Soderhamm, with its harbors in the cluster of islands that extend for two Swedish miles along the coast,—at Gefle and Skutskar, and at Gottenberg,—also at Trallshavttan, Wennerborg, Amal, Karlstad, and Christinehamn. Sailors were in attendance at his meetings, and some of them were Christians, but he speaks of the last named villages as places where ignorance and darkness prevail among

seamen,—and, he adds, believing Christians avoid them. This labor, however, was not without its fruit in the conversion of their souls.

Denmark.

COPENHAGEN.

For three months prior to October, chaplain WOLLESON visited ships at harbor in the bay, and supplied their officers and crews with religious reading, besides inviting them to services on the Bethel Ship. And as he says, the Lord greatly blessed this kind of labor. "While in private conversation in the cabin or in the forecabin I have felt the power of the Holy Spirit inclining those who listened to depart from evil, and imparting a godly sorrow for sin, with a faith by which the humbled heart breathed the humble prayer 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'" The sailor-boarding houses were also visited, and his visits are spoken of as of the deepest interest. From these two quarters the chaplain says, multitudes have come to the Bethel Services, and heard of Jesus and of His power to save. At the Bethel, services are held in Danish, three times, in English, twice, and in German, once, each week. The chaplain believes that more than a score of sailors have been led to the Lamb of God, within the period of which he reports.

During the quarter, a Society has been organized, with the chaplain as its president, to coöperate with the *American Evangelical Lutheran Immigrant Missionary Society* in the United States, (headquarters at Grand Island, Nebraska), in caring, in Denmark, for the nine or ten thousand of emigrants *per annum* from that country to our own. "This Society will, by God's help, meet

all expense connected with the purchase and printing of tracts and of the Holy Scriptures, and educate devoted young converts for the ministry." The chaplain is also engaged, with others, in the endeavor to secure a law forbidding the sale of liquors from Saturday afternoon to Monday morning.

Japan.

YOKOHAMA.

For the third quarter of the present year, Mr. AUSTEN, sailor-missionary, says that "we already have the testimony of many who have in three months come under our influence, that they have been greatly benefited by our ministrations." He forwards extracts from his daily journal, as follows:—

1885, *July 2nd*. Held a gospel service on the American ship *Charger*. Visited the American bark *Brazos*. Distributed two large packages of reading, one gospel portion and one printed book.—*July 5th*. Visited the American consular prison. Held a service in the British consular prison. Visited the British bark *Josie Troup*. Held a gospel service on board the American bark *Brazos*. Distributed two packages of reading.—*July 7th*. Visited the American ship *St. Frances*, the British bark *Josie Troup*, and the British ship *Tobique*. Distributed a bag of books and one Testament. Held profitable conversations with the captains and their crews.

July 9th. Visited the U. S. Naval Hospital, the Royal Naval Hospital, the German Ship *Theodore Ruger*, and the British ship *Tobique*.—*July 12th*. Visited the U. S. prison, the British prison, and the American ship *Sumner R. Mead*. Held a gospel service on the American ship *St. Frances*. Distributed two packages.—*July 14th*. Visited the British steamer *Breconshire*. Held a gospel service on board the *Sumner R. Mead*. Distributed one Testament and Psalm and two packages of reading.—*July 20th*. Visited the American ship *Big Bonanza* and the American steamer *City of Rio de*

Janeiro. Visited and prayed with a dying man. Distributed two packages of reading and one Testament.—*July 21st*. Held a gospel service on board the *St. Frances*. Visited the German ship *Anna*. Supplied six articles of clothing to a distressed seaman. Distributed one package of reading and one Testament.—*July 24th*. Visited the American ship *St. Frances*, British steamers *Glamis Castle* and *Haverton*. Visited the German naval hospital, conversed and prayed with the sick. Distributed two packages of reading.—*July 26th*. Visited the American bark *William W. Crapo*. Held a gospel service on the British ship *Tobique*. Visited the American and British consular prisons, and distributed two packages of reading.—*July 28th*. Held gospel services on the American ship *Big Bonanza* and the *John C. Potter*.

The month of August was as well filled with labor, and September also. We are not surprised that his letter, dated October 7th, closes:—"The summer months have been very trying to our health. We both (self and Mrs. A.) feel very much run down, and in need of an entire change." Since his last report, 15 American and 42 vessels of other nationalities had been in port, 14 services had been held in the chapel, and 15 on shipboard, with 4 elsewhere, an average of 257 seamen had attended divine services, 35 visits had been made to hospitals, 119 to ships, &c., and 15 to sailor boarding-houses,—20 Bibles and Testaments, and 1,200 tracts had been distributed.

By recent letters from Japan we are informed of the generous contribution, through Miss FANNY G. BRAY, *Secretary*, of \$50, from the Newburyport, Mass., Bethel Society, made directly to Mr. W. T. AUSTEN, our missionary at Yokohama, to assist in paying off an existing debt on his Mission Rooms. Such unsolicited and well-timed kindness will have its reward.

At Ports in the United States.

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.

In a communication dated 5th Novem-

ber, from Rev. J. N. LENKER, President of *The American Evangelical Lutheran Immigrant Missionary Society*, we are

informed that at their "Lutheran Immigrant House," No. 26 State St., in this city, religious services are held, morning and evening, in German and also in Scandinavian. The chaplain is Rev. WILLIAM BERKEMEIER, German; the missionary is Mr. LILJA, Scandinavian. "They do good work," he says, "for the immigrants, and can help the seamen, also,—especially Germans and Scandinavians. The House has cost \$100,000, and can lodge 400 people."

From the sixty-first annual report of the New York City Bible Society, (Sept., 1885) just issued, we cite as follows:—

"The Marine work has been conducted in the same manner as in former years. It is the endeavor of the Society to provide every vessel that comes to this port with Bibles and Testaments for officers and crew. We believe that few vessels escape the vigilant eye of our faithful Agent having charge of this portion of the work; 2,750 vessels have been visited by him, upon which there have been placed 12,570 volumes."

Rev. W. G. JONES, *Marine Agent*, reports as among his visits:—

"Among other vessels visited was the bark *Confidential*. I asked permission of the captain to supply the crew with copies of the Testament. Manifesting some feeling, he said, "No sir; we don't want any of your books. We never read them." "As to reading the Holy Scriptures," I remarked, "the Jewish children were commanded to be taught them diligently,—*Deut. vi. 7*; the Savior commanded the Scriptures to be searched,—*John v. 39*; the Bereans were commended because of their knowledge of them,—*Acts xvii. 11*; Timothy knew them from his youth, and St. Paul declares they are able to make wise unto salvation,—*II. Tim. iii.—xv. 15*." The captain remarked, "You appear to know them pretty well," and indicated I had better go on shore. As I left the ship it was with the prayer that God would bless a word that had been spoken. The following morning a sailor who had been a silent listener stood at our office door and asked for a Testament. He said he had been requested by the crew to come. "We were displeased because the captain would not allow you to give us the books. We

asked him for money this morning, thinking we would buy a Bible. He would not give us any, so I have come to ask you for a book that tells of Jesus Christ." As I put two Testaments in his hands, his eyes filled with tears. I have seldom seen more gratitude. I marked for the sailors to read, *John iii. 16*, *Acts iv. 12*, and *I John i. 7*. On leaving he took from under his coat two "hard tack" (biscuit), saying, "This is my breakfast, which I thought to sell and buy these books. Please accept them; it is all I have, and I gladly give my breakfast for these little Testaments."

BROOKLYN—U. S. NAVY YARD.

"Our temperance work," says Chaplain CRANE, (10th November) "seems to have received a new impulse since my last quarterly report. At the October meeting of the Naval Temperance Union earnest and telling addresses were delivered by Mr. L. L. TURNER of the Throop Avenue Mission, and Capt. D. C. SMITH, Secretary of the N. Y. Marine Temperance Society; and at the November meeting by Messrs. WM. B. BROMELL and GEO. W. AULT of the Good Templar Order, and Messrs. SAMUEL BOULT and THOS. W. WOODS. Some Brooklyn ladies and gentlemen also aided us with excellent musical attractions. Over fifty new names were added to the roll of the Union, bringing up the whole number to about 1,040.

"Our religious meetings have also been of more than usual interest, several men having testified their experience of saving grace. Rev. J. D. BENGLESS, Naval Chaplain attached to the U. S. S. *Brooklyn*, which recently went into commission and is fitting out for sea at this Yard, made an effective address at our afternoon service last Sunday. The AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY has just furnished this ship with two loan libraries, and I have also sent aboard packages of Bibles and Testaments and papers for the crew.

"Capt. A. P. COOKE took command of the Receiving Ship *Vermont*, October 5th. He has attended our services and manifests interest in our work among seamen. He has ordered the regular weekly inspection to be made on Satur-

day, and allows none but necessary work to be done on Sunday. We are hoping for a good season and encouraging results during the coming Winter."

Life Saving Illustrated—and Illustrating Christian Work.

An invitation sent to the Synod of NEW JERSEY, during its late session at Atlantic City, to witness a drill of the Life Station Patrol at that post, was accepted for Friday morning, October 23rd. At the hour appointed, a large number of the officers and delegates in attendance, ministers and elders, with their wives and others, after looking through the Station-house with its library and home-like arrangements, assembled on the magnificent beach near the historic "Absecon Light House," and witnessed a most entertaining and instructive exhibition. The day was beautiful and the occasion altogether inspiring and satisfactory.

The seven or eight belonging to that post, men of splendid physique, hardy, courageous and well-trained sailors, under command of Capt. BOWEN, were on hand, with their varied and ingenious apparatus, which they skilfully operated, anchoring the land-spar, firing the life-line with hawser attached, and running out the life preservers for bringing in the rescued, showing how their philanthropic work is practically accomplished and the perils it calls them to encounter. Their methods were admirably illustrated, and served greatly to enhance the estimate placed by every one present upon the importance of this benign governmental provision. Statistics were furnished as to the amount of both life and property saved at that single station, which greatly surprised the audience.

When the exhibition was over, the Moderator of the Synod, Rev. ALLEN H. BROWN, probably the best informed man in the State as to the physical and moral wants of its sea-coast stations, in an appropriate address returned thanks to

Capt. Bowen and his men for the entertainment afforded, and then called out Secretary HALL of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, who availed himself of the opportunity to speak of the work now most effectively being done for the sailor, in the throwing out by chaplains, missionaries and libraries, *the life-line of the Gospel*, very many seamen having been rescued in that way from a course of degradation and shame, and brought to a Christian experience; proving themselves also, by their lives, valuable helpers in bringing on the promised universal triumph of the kingdom of Christ.

The occasion as a whole was rich in interest and suggestion, and calculated to quicken prayer and arouse enthusiasm in all evangelical work for sailors and landsmen at home and abroad, and wherever there are souls to be saved.

Mrs. Dr. Damon.

We are advised of the safe return to Honolulu, H. I., October 8th, of Mrs. JULIA M. DAMON, after a stay of five months, in California, and at the East. Not her children only, but her numerous friends were rejoiced to see her back in greatly improved health.

Sailors' Home, New York,

190 CHERRY STREET.

Reported by F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

OCTOBER, 1885.

Total arrivals.....	114
Deposited for safe keeping.....	\$1,421
of which \$438 was sent to relatives and friends,	
and \$960 was returned to boarders.	

Planets for December, 1885.

MERCURY at the beginning of the month is an evening star, setting on the 1st at 5h. 34m., and south of west 34° 48'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 8th at 1h. 21m., being 6° 3' south; is stationary among the stars in Sagittarius at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 9th; is in inferior conjunction with the Sun at 11 o'clock on the evening of the 18th, and during the remainder of the month is a morning star, and at 6 o'clock on

the morning of the 29th is stationary among the stars in Serpentarius.

VENUS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 7h. 48m., and south of west $31^{\circ} 35'$; is at its greatest elongation at 9 o'clock on the evening of the 8th, being $47^{\circ} 19'$ east of the Sun; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 10th at 6h. 31m., being $5^{\circ} 56'$ south.

MARS at the beginning of the month is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 27m. before midnight, and north of east $12^{\circ} 51'$; is in quadrature with the Sun at 6 o'clock on the evening of the 3rd, after which time it is no longer considered as a morning star; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 27th at 4h. 31m., being $2^{\circ} 48'$ north.

JUPITER during the fore part of the month is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 1h. 28m., and north of east 17° ; is in conjunction with Virginis at 6 o'clock on the evening of the 8th, being $10'$ south; is in quadrature with the Sun at 5 o'clock on the morning of the 26th, at this time it ceases to be considered a morning star; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 28th at 4h. 7m., being $6'$ south. At this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude 39° north and 29° south.

SATURN on the morning of the 1st is due south at 1h. 49m., being $22^{\circ} 23'$ north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon at 18m. past midnight on the morning of the 22nd, being $3^{\circ} 58'$ north; is in opposition to the Sun at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 26th, at this time is at its greatest brilliancy.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Receipts for October, 1885.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bedford, "Jay"..... \$ 2 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover, Mr. and Mrs. John Smith,
for library..... 20 00
Boston, Old South church..... 145 44
Dorchester, Cong. church, A Friend..... 2 00
East Longmeadow, Cong. church..... 12 00
Enfield, Cong. church, of wh. Mrs. R.
D. Woods and Miss T. Lilian Howe
\$40 for libraries..... 57 64
Fitchburg, Rollstone ch. and Soc'y.. 21 24
Franklin, Cong. church..... 10 42
Grafton, Cong. church..... 40 18
Holyoke, 2nd church..... 17 19
1st church..... 15 50
Lenox, Cong. church..... 14 00
Newburyport, Bellville Cong. ch. and
Soc'y, of wh. Capt. Joshua Hale
\$20 for library..... 44 07
Newton Centre, Cong. S. S., for lib'y, 20 00
Palmer, 2nd church..... 10 00
South Egremont, Cong. church..... 20 00
South Lee, A. H. Martin, for library, 20 00
Springfield, 1st church..... 18 59
Memorial church..... 16 00

Townsend, Cong. church..... 6 89
Webster, Cong. S. S., of wh. \$30 for
library..... 24 60
Westfield, 2nd church..... 33 21
Worcester, Salem St. church..... 25 00
Piedmont church, for library..... 20 00
Central church, A Friend..... 1 75

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence, Central Cong. church... 112 00

CONNECTICUT.

Chester, Cong. church..... 16 00
Danbury, 2nd Baptist S. S..... 10 00
Fairfield, 1st Cong. church, of wh. O.
B. Jennings \$20 for lib'y in name
of O. G. Jennings..... 87 80
Greenwich, A Friend..... 5 00
Meriden, 1st Cong. ch., of wh. \$80 to
const. Frank E. Bradley, Edward
N. Tarbell and Alfred B. Savage,
L. M's..... 100 00
Mystic River, R. P. Wilbur..... 5 00
New Haven, 1st church..... 51 82
North Haven, Cong. church..... 54 00
Old Lyme, 1st Cong. church..... 21 46
Stratford, Cong. ch., to const. Dea-
con Samuel T. Houghton a L. M., 30 00
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brary work..... 5 00
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Princeton, on account of bequest of
Mary Halliday, deceased, late of
Princeton, N. J., per Daniel J.
Holden, ex'r..... 750 00
\$2,921 03

ERRATUM.—The \$100 acknowledged in SAILORS' MAGAZINE for October, 1885, (p. 328,) as a donation from THOMAS H. SUCKLEY of Rhinebeck, N. Y., to constitute ROBERT B. SUCKLEY a Life Director of this Society, was intended so to constitute Mrs. ROBERT B. SUCKLEY.



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days"—Ecc. II: 1.

From Harper's Young People.

Clocks and their Inventors.

In the Kensington Museum in London is shown an ancient clock that was made in 1325 by a monk for Glastonbury Abbey. It is going still. For more than five centuries it has been keeping time. It told the hours long before Columbus came to America, and when a few painted savages wandered over the sites of New York and Brooklyn. It was going when Hendrik Hudson first sailed into New York Harbor. It still measures time, while steam and electricity are moving all around it.

But when it was first made, the venerable clock was as much an object of wonder as a steam-engine or an electrical machine. Only kings and rich monasteries could purchase a clock. There were only a few in all Europe. It was thought at first that these wonderful machines were the inventions of sorcerers and magicians.

There are two kinds of clocks,—spring clocks, in which the wheels are moved by power from the uncoiling of a coiled spring, and pendulum clocks, which are moved by the gradual falling of a weight, the falling being regulated by the swinging of a pendulum. When a pendulum

is set swinging it makes each swing backward and forward in just the same time until it stops, no matter whether the swing is over a long or a short space. Its swing is over a longer space at first than toward the last, when it is about to stop, but it goes faster, so that the time of the swing is always equal. This is called the "isochronism" (equal time, from Greek *isos*, equal, and *chronos*, time) of the pendulum.

But the real inventors of clocks were probably the Arabs. These children of the desert soon became as fond of invention as the people of Connecticut or New York. Bagdad and Cordova, their fine cities, were famous for their wonderful machines. Our ignorant ancestors thought the Arabs gained their rare learning from a compact with Satan. The clock was one of these inventions, and it appeared in Europe about the twelfth century. At first it was used only in the monasteries to direct the monks in their prayers. But very soon clocks were set up on some high tower or steeple in the European cities. In New York we have the City Hall clock, clocks at court-houses and on many churches. But in

the cities of early Europe there was no way of telling the hour except by the sun and the stars.

When the first clocks were set up they were thought to be the most wonderful of inventions. The first public clock was raised on a tower at Padua, Italy. A famous striking clock was placed on a tower at Bologna in 1356. From Italy the invention was carried to France and Germany, and in 1364 Paris for the first time possessed a public clock. It was set up on a tower of the King's palace, and was built by German workmen. No one in France, it is said, could make a clock.

Town clocks and church clocks are made to move by trains of wheels in much the same way, but the wheels are very large and strong, and the weights and pendulums very heavy. It is very hard work to wind up a church clock, and it needs a strong man to do it. In winding up the clock in the tower of Trinity Church, New York, the crank or handle has to be turned round 850 times. Many wonderful clocks have been made, in some of which the machinery moved figures of men and animals in a very curious way. At Heidelberg, in Germany, was formerly a town clock which whenever it struck the hour, caused the figure of an old man to pull off his hat, while a cock crowed and clapped his wings, and soldiers fought with one another. This clock was destroyed by the French when they burned Heidelberg in 1693.

About the year 1500, clocks, which had been too expensive to be used even in many cities, were found in private houses, but still only the very wealthy could purchase one. Watches seem to have been made about this time, but were also very expensive. It is hard for us to conceive of a city without its public clocks, but in the year 1500 not many large towns possessed one. Three centuries and a half have made a wonderful change.

The clock has become one of the commonest articles of furniture. American

factories pour out millions of them annually. They are found at all prices, from the cheapest to the most costly. In the year 1483 the revenues of the city of Auxerre were thought too small to purchase the costly invention, and the people asked the King's permission to buy one. In 1885 a wooden clock may be bought for half a dollar, and every village has its public time-keeper.

It seems strange that we should owe our clocks and watches to the dark-skinned and half-savage Arabs. But it shows us that all races and nations have been useful to each other. Once the Arabs were very intelligent and powerful; but they have become indolent and barbarous. They probably buy their clocks and watches, if they use them, in the European cities.

Little Joe, the Newsboy.

Little Joe first appeared on the streets of New York two years ago. He was small and slight, with great brown eyes and pinched lips that always wore a smile. Where he came from nobody knew and few cared. His parents, he said, were dead, and he had no friends. It was a hard life. Up at 4 o'clock in the morning, after sleeping in a dry goods box or in an alley, he worked steadily till late at night. He was misused at first. Big boys stole his papers, or crowded him out of a warm place at night, but he never complained. The tears would well up in his eyes, but were quickly brushed away, and a new start bravely made. Such conduct won him friends, and after a little no other boy dared to play tricks upon Little Joe.

But the hard work and exposure began to tell on his weak constitution. He kept growing thinner and thinner, but the pleasant look never faded away. He was uncomplaining to the last. Two weeks ago he awoke one morning, after working hard selling "extras," to find himself too weak to move. He tried his best to get

upon his feet, but it was a vain attempt.

"Where's Little Joe?" was the universal inquiry. Finally he was found in a secluded corner, and a good-natured hackman was persuaded to take him to the hospital at Flatbush, where he said he once lived. Every day one of the boys went to see him. On Saturday, a newsboy, who had abused him at first and learned to love him afterwards, found him sitting up in his cot, his little blue-veined hand stretched out upon the coverlet.

"I was afraid you wasn't coming, Jerry," he said, with some difficulty, "and I wanted to see you once more so much. I guess it will be the last time, Jerry, for I feel awful weak to-day. Now, Jerry, when I die, I want you to be good for my sake. Tell the boys,"—

But his message never was completed. Little Joe was dead. His sleep was calm and beautiful. The trouble and anxiety on his wan face had disappeared. But the expression was still there. Even in death he smiled.

That night one hundred boys met in front of the City Hall. They felt that they must express their sense of loss in some way, but how they did not know. Finally, they passed a resolution, which read as follows:—

Resolved, That we all liked Little Joe, who was the best newsboy in New York. Everybody is sorry he has died.

On his coffin was a plate, purchased by the boys. This was the inscription:—

LITTLE JOE,

Aged 14,

The Best Newsboy in New York.

We all liked him.

There were no services, but each boy sent a flower to be placed upon the coffin of his friend. This is not a fancy sketch. Every word of the above story is true.—*New York World*.

A Profound Secret.

"Can you keep a secret, Daisy?" asked Nell Clay of her younger sister.

"Yes, indeed!" replied Daisy, trying to look dignified.

Nell bent down and whispered something in Daisy's ear, to which Daisy clapped her hands and cried, "O, goody!"

"Remember, it's a profound secret," said sister Nell.

Daisy ran off to school feeling very important, and overtook Conny Travers on the way.

"O, Conny," she said, "I know something awful nice!"

O, my!" said Conny, "can't you just tell me?"

"Nell wouldn't like it."

"She wouldn't mind me," pleaded Conny.

"Won't you never, *never* tell?" whispered Daisy.

"Never, 's long as I live!"

"Honest and true?"

"Truer'n steel," declared Conny.

"Well, Sarah Bell's father is going to give her a piano for her birthday tomorrow; but they wouldn't have her know it for anything until she comes home and finds it in the parlor."

"How splendid!" exclaimed Conny.

"It's a profound secret," said Daisy.

A few days after Mrs. Bell called upon Mrs. Clay.

"I suppose Sarah was surprised and delighted about the piano," said the latter.

"She was delighted enough," was the reply. "But she wasn't a bit surprised. She heard it at school."

"That Conny Travers must have told," said Daisy, indignantly, after Mrs. Bell had gone home.

"But who told Conny?" asked sister Nell.

"I did; but I didn't s'pose she'd be mean enough to tell."

"And I didn't think you would," replied Nell.

"Well, children," said Mrs. Clay, "it's an old saying, that 'if you can't keep your own secret nobody else will keep it for you.' If you remember this it will save a good deal of trouble."

"There's an old, older sentence that I like much better," said sweet Aunt Peace from her window. "Set a watch. O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."—*Myrtle*.

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1885, was 8,249; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,859; the total shipments aggregating 17,108. The number of volumes in these libraries was 441,434, and they were accessible, by original and re-shipment, to 315,987 men. Nine hundred and fifty-one libraries, with 34,236 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 108,450 men.—One hundred and twelve libraries were placed in one hundred and twelve Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 4,032 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and ninety-six Keepers and surfmen.

During October, 1885, fifty loan libraries, eighteen new and thirty-two reshipped were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 8,307-8,318, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 8,422-8,426, with No. 8,428, inclusive, at Boston.

The thirty-two libraries reshipped were:—

No. 3,839;	No. 5,470;	No. 5,982;	No. 6,565;	No. 6,982;	No. 7,298;	No. 7,350;	No. 7,642;
" 4,789;	" 5,738;	" 6,031;	" 6,899;	" 7,040;	" 7,305;	" 7,524;	" 7,898;
" 5,155;	" 5,337;	" 6,344;	" 6,932;	" 7,057;	" 7,316;	" 7,611;	" 7,927;
" 5,421;	" 5,897;	" 6,441;	" 6,978;	" 7,251;	" 7,327;	" 7,621;	" 8,103.

For the Boys.

Wide Awake gives the following story, which is all the better for being true:—Two men stood at the same table in a large factory in Philadelphia, working at the same trade. Having an hour for their nooning every day, each undertook to use it in accomplishing a definite purpose; each persevered for about the same number of months, and each won success at last. One of these two mechanics used his daily leisure hour in working out the invention of a machine for sawing a block of wood into almost any desired shape. When his invention was complete, he sold the patent for a fortune, changed his workman's apron for a broadcloth suit, and moved out of a tenement-house into a brown-stone mansion. The other man,—what did he do? Well, he spent an hour each day during most of a year in the very difficult undertaking of teaching a little dog to stand on his hind feet and dance a jig, while he played the tune. At last accounts he was working ten hours a day at the same trade and at his old wages, and finding fault with the fate that made his fellow-workman rich while leaving him poor. Leisure moments may bring golden grain to the mind as well as purse, if one harvests wheat instead of chaff.

American Seamen's Friend Society,

80 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

REUBEN W. ROPES, Esq., *President*,

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Secretary*,

WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer*,

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District Secretary:—

Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass.

THE LIFE BOAT is issued monthly by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, mainly for the advancement of its Loan Library Work, and fifty copies are sent, *gratis*, postage paid, for one year, to every Sabbath-School sending a library to sea. These libraries contain on an average thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE, unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labelled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment.—*Twenty Dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-School, will send a Library to sea in the name of the donor.*

THE
SAILORS' MAGAZINE

AND
SEAMEN'S FRIEND;

AND
THE LIFE BOAT,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER, 1885.

*"Eternal Father ! strong to save,—
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep,
Its own appointed limits keep,—
O hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea !"*

W. Whiting.

VOL. LVII.

NEW YORK:
AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,
80 WALL STREET.

PREFACE.

Over the almost world-wide area whereon Christian laborers connected with the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY have wrought within the twelve-month whose record is found in the fifty-seventh volume of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, GOD has granted His blessing upon their work for His glory.

That is manifest within these pages,—and, in this preface, we gladly voice the thanks alike of those who administer, and of those who carry onward the work, for His abiding favor.

May the years to follow be crowned with the same goodness, in increasing measure, until the abundance of the sea shall be converted to the kingdom of Our Lord and His Christ! “AND UNTO HIM BE ALL THE PRAISE!”

DECEMBER, 1885.

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FIFTY-SEVENTH VOLUME

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